Give me the victory of this queſtion, which
Is true loves merit, and bleſſe me with a ſigne
Of thy great pleaſure.

*Here Muſicke is heard, Doves are ſeene to flutter, they fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.*

*Pal.* O thou that from eleven, to ninetie raign'ſt
In mortall boſomes, whoſe chaſe is this world
And we in hearts thy game; I give thee thankes
For this faire Token, which being layd unto
Mine innocent true heart, armes in aſſurance *They bow.*
My body to this buſineſſe: Let us riſe
And bow before the goddeſſe: Time comes on. *Exeunt.*
*Still Muſicke of Records.*

*Enter* Emilia *in white, her haire about her ſhoulders, a wheaten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire ſtucke with flowers: One before her carrying a ſilver Hynde, in which is conveyd Incenſe and ſweet odours, which being ſet upon the Altar her maides ſtanding a loofe, ſhe ſets fire to it, then they curtſey and kneele.*

*Emilia.* O ſacred, ſhadowie, cold and conſtant Queene,
Abandoner of Revells, mute contemplative,
Sweet, ſolitary, white as chaſte, and pure
As windeſand Snow, who to thy femall knights
Alow'ſt no more blood than will make a bluſh,
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Prieſt
Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchſafe
With that thy rare greene eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,
And ſacred ſilver Miſtris, lend thine eare
(Which nev'r heard ſcurrill terme, into whoſe port
Ne're entred wanton ſound,) to my petition
Seaſond with holy feare; This is my laſt
Of veſtall office, I am bride habited,
But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,
But doe not know him out of two, I ſhould
Chooſe one, and pray for his ſucceſſe, but I
Am guiltleſſe of election of mine eyes,
Were I to looſe one, they are equall precious,



I could doombe neither, that w
Goe too't unſentenc'd: Therefo
He of the two Pretenders, that
And has the trueſt title in't, Le
Take off my wheaten Gerland
The fyle and qualitie I hold, I m
Continue in thy Band.

*Here the Hynde vaniſhes un*
*place aſcends a Roſe Tree, ha*

See what our Generall of Ebbs
Out from the bowells of her h
With ſacred act advances: But
If well inſpir'd, this Battaile ſha
Both theſe brave Knights, and I
Muſt grow alone unpluck'd.

*Here is heard a ſodaine twan*
*Roſe falls from the Tree.*

The flowre is falne, the Tree d
Thou here diſchargeſt me, I ſha
I thinke ſo, but I know not thin
Vnclaſpe thy Miſterie: I hope
Her Signes were gratious.

Scæna 2. *Enter Doctor, layi*
*Palamon.*

*Doct.* Has this advice I told y
*Wooer.* O very much; The maid
Have halfe perſwaded her tha
Halfe houre ſhe came ſmiling t
Would eate, and when I woul
Preſently, and kiſt her twice.

*Doct.* T was well done; twer
For there the cure lies mainely

*Wooer.* Then ſhe told me
She would watch with me to
What houre my fit would tak

*Doct.* Let her doo ſo,
And when your fit comes, fit



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